



The FORTUNE-TELLERS.

A Conjuror of high degree,
 Who to the mob sold prophecy;
 Had told his neighbours ev'ry thing,
 That time and fortune was to bring:
 While thus employ'd,—one came to tell
 What had at home himself befall:
 How thieves broke in, stript all the house,
 And left him not a single sou.

Amazing!

Amazing! cries th' affrighted sage,
 What plagues unthought of curse this age?
 My friends, fare-well!—So turns about,
 In haste to leave the gaping rout.
 'Hark ye, (says one) could you foresee
 'What would befall this man and me?
 'And have the stars no message sent
 'To tell you these vile rogues intent!'

*He who to guard himself wants eyes,
 No other man can well advise.*



The